

There is an old wooden tavern In Cambridge Maryland. As you walk thru its front door, on the right you will see a big old brick open fireplace and a bar-counter with old cherry wood shelves filled with bottles and glasses that need to be wash.

At the back of the old tavern is a door leading outside. Hanging Over the door is a dirty old kerosene lamp from a Pirate ship that sailed up the Chesapeake Bay.

The old wood dirty tables are full of old suntan crabbing men that no longer crab on the river many napping as they sit.

Other than ancient suntan whores looking for free beer and a warm dry place to set Few others stop at this old tavern anymore.

The last time I was there, on a cold raining night. It was thundering and lightning outside with a cold, wind blowing through the Cracks in the walls

As I set, eating crab cakes at one of the dirty cherry tables the old crabbing man talked about the old days, when they have good health, cash, and attractive bible crying girls in adorable Sunday sundresses.

Barry Wyatt Jr.

It is hard to find a satisfied cherry
Most cherries leave this world unsatisfied.